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WATCH
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WATCH YOUR STEP!

BY THE SUBWAY GUARD

(ALVIN McCASLIN)

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NEW YORK
B. W. HUEBSCH
1913

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WATCH YOUR STEP!

DO YOU WANT 'PHONES IN YOUR HAT?

"'Why don't y' have telephones down here in th' subway?' a big fellow yammered at me this morning. Now what d' ye think o' that? You can't please some guys. Here's a town with half a million telephones in it an' he wants 'em down here, too. You'd think he had his office on th' third rail. Ain't it fierce when he can't even run up-town without talkin' every step of th' way to his secretary or th' fellow he's tryin' to put it over. I says to this big thing,' 'W'y don't you spend your time in th' subway thinkin' what you're goin' to say when you get out?' Says he, 'Young man, to succeed in business you ought to did your thinkin' when you was a boy.' An' 'en

he tumbled out at Fourteenth Street, an' after he'd run clear to th' gate he come chasin' the car an' poundin' on th' door an' yellin' at me, 'Let me on again, this ain't Grand Central,' but I had give the 'go' signal an' had to laugh. He must a-did a lot of thinkin' when he was a boy to call me all th' names he did. He ought to have a telephone in his hat, with a string runnin' down his neck, to his shoe heel. They could put telephone door mats on th' sidewalk an' this fellow be talkin' all th' time.

"Talk about telephones savin' time! Where does all th' time go to people save? I guess they die quicker an' have more time to think it over. Them terrible busy guys gimme a pain in th' ankle. I know one, he's so busy he ain't got time to take a bath. He's lookin' for more work his wife can do. She takes in washin'.

"Brooklyn Bridge! Brooklyn Bridge!

"No, lady, this ain't your street. I'll let you know when yours comes.

"Step lively, please!

"Watch your step!"

HAVE YOU GOT A MOTOR FACE?

"Yep, he's got th' motor-face, all right. You can tell 'em easy now. He's got a mother an' a sister that look like human bein's but that don't help his face any. He keeps lookin' half a mile ahead all th' time. When he's walkin' he slam bangs into people like he had th' right o' way. His neck is scrouged way down in his collar bone. You see him settin' down to eat with his arms all over th' table cloth, an' his hands twistin' th' plate, like it was his steerin' wheel. Them fellows never talk about th' weather or anythin' else common muts talk about. They're always talkin' about their carburetter or their tires. Half of 'em don't know what a carburetter is, but they're dead sure us muts don't either. They's so many lunatics from drivin' fast, th' crazy houses is gettin' too full. One of th' guards at th'

asylum told me they was gonna have automobiles, an' let them lunatics that went dippy usin' 'em try 'em again. He said it'll make 'em happy to go lickety split all over th' asylum grounds, an' if they run over another 'bug' or go slap dash into a tree, it might make 'em well again. I s'pose them motor faced guys breed children like other people. It won't be long 'fore they have baby buggies runnin' by gasoline, with infants wearin' goggles an' runnin' over other babies.

"That'll finish th' automobile business, 'cause us fellows that ain't mortgagin' all we got to buy 'em will be raisin' kids that'll catch them gasoline babies when their motor faced daddies ain't lookin', and believe me, what old Herod did to them two year olds an' under, won't be a marker to what you'll find goin' on then. That's what this motor face disease is comin' to.

"Spring Street, Spring! Bleecker, next!

"Both doors, lively please!

"Let 'em off, please, let 'em off!

"Watch your step!"

LET'S HAVE A SKINFLINT FOR PRESIDENT

"Well, you put it all over us, last election, didn't you? You got your man elected, an' my man drubbed. I s'pose meat be so cheap now we all get tape worms eatin' it. While you're doin' it, boost th' price o' wheat so farmers can get bigger automobiles, an' fix it so us city fellows can get more bread tickets for a quarter 'n we did last winter. Like as not Congress is gonna take th' tariff off whale blubber an' dodo eggs. Some day they got to change all this election business. They'll pass a law nobody can have an office that wants it. An' 'en they'll look aroun' for th' biggest tightwad they can find, an' he'll get a call from th' vigilance committee. They'll shake a rope in his face an' holler at him, 'You got to be our President, or up you go-sky.' Mebbe he'll

run away, but they'll get him, an' believe me, he'll bring down th' price of corn an' beans till you eat ice cream every meal. It won't take no billion dollars to run this country. He'll run it on a million, an' that's only cent apiece from every man, woman an' baby in it. Us fellows that's got callouses on our hands want a regular money sharp for President. An' 'en when some department printin' books tellin' how many snags was pulled out o' Saskatchewan wants a thousand dollars to pay for ink, he's gonna roar at 'em, 'Where's that two dollars I give you last Friday?' An' he'll get rid o' them flunkies in th' White House an' have his wife do her own work.

"This country be better off when th' President locks up th' White House, himself, every night after he's put th' cat out an' fixed th' furnace. We ain't sufferin' for a King. We got to have a skinflint President. Then we'd have money enough to go 'round.

"Astor Place! Next Fourteenth!

"Be careful gettin' off!

"Watch your step!"

WOMEN WORKIN' MAKE WAGES LOW

"I got it all figured out. It near bust my brain thinkin' it over, but, by jing, I got it.

"Women an' girls hadn't ought to work. They work too cheap anyhow, an' that keeps some fellow from gettin' good wages. I bet they's more girls workin' to-day 'n they is fellows. If females quit workin' they be more work to do an' only half enough men to do it. That'd raise wages like a balloon goin' up. Then we gotta make every married man spend so many dollars out o' his wages to board an' keep his wife an' family. An' every fellow who won't get married has to pay a tax out o' his wages so he can pension them females that ain't got nobody to keep 'em.

"It hurts my feelin's to see women workin' all th' time. It ain't right. Females wasn't made to fight agin males. If it's right for girls to stand up all day an' sell shoes or pound on a

typewriter, you might as well let 'em run my car, an' work on th' section. How'd you like to have your old mother carryin' mortar up a ladder? An' your sister'd look fine drivin' a truck! You don't want your little girl carrying telegraph messages an' shinin' big fat muts' shoes, do y'? That's what it's comin' to, if y' don't stop it.

"I ain't seen any line drawn yet. Me an' you is a lot o' big dubs. We go braggin' aroun' how we protect our women folks, an' slappin' ourselves on th' chest, an' 'en we throw 'em to th' wolves. I don't want Lizzie to work like I do, an' if every mut felt the same way 'bout some other girl, they wouldn't be ten million females draggin' 'emselves home every night from work. They'd be runnin' to th' door to hug me an' you.

"Eighteenth Street, Eighteenth! Twenty-third, next!

"Let them women out first! Get out o' th' way!

"All aboard, all aboard! Step lively!

"Watch your step!"

G. WASHINGTON WAS A HUMAN

"All I know 'bout George Washin'ton he hacked his daddy's cherry tree an' bragged about it, an' he stood on one foot in a boat when his soldiers was pushin' thro' th' ice, an' he made a sob talk to his men when he was quittin' 'em. They said, 'Don't go, George,' an' he said, 'I got to. I'm father to my country an' it's got th' pip.' He was a great old scout. They didn't have no big newspapers nor no telephones or telegraphs or cars in them days. So all we got on him is what some fellers writ in a book. I bet he come home late to supper like any other guy an' says, 'Martha, ain't ye got nothin' better 'n that to eat?' An' Martha says, 'George Washin'ton, you go an' wipe your feet off outside th' door. Don't you dare traypse in this house with all that mud.' An' you bet he done it. Them book

writers don't know nothin'. An' 'en after they went to bed an' Martha was jawin' 'bout th' big wash she put out on th' line, she says, 'George, I bet it snows to-night an' spoils my sheets an' pillow cases,' an' George says, 'Aw shetup, an' go to sleep. I don't care if it snows ink.' Just like that. You can't tell me nothin'. Humans is humans. They only get to be angels when they been dead a while, an' their wives dead, too. It makes me laugh to think o' George Washin'ton. What you s'pose he'd do if he saw a automobile? He be runnin' yet, or else he wouldn't know no better 'n stand still an' say, 'Gosh, somebody must a-give that wagon a awful shove.' Just like that. George Washin'ton nothin'! Lizzie's little brother'd have to lead him around like a blind man to keep his knee buckles from bein' stole. Huh!

"Twenty-third Street! T w e n t y-third! Broadway, all stops!

"Look where you're steppin'!

"Quit your pushin'!

"Watch your step!"

GIV' 'EM STRAP OIL

"I knowed they'd come to it. School teachers is throwin' up their hands. They're askin' for th' paddle agin. When I was a kid, it was much a part o' your learnin' as 'rithmetic or spellin'. Then they was a lot o' softies got busy an' made rules that teachers couldn't lick boys like they used to. That's what th' matter with your jails an' your reform schools. If a big mule of a kid gets gay with his teacher nowadays, they give him a pink ticket with a bad mark on it. If he spits in th' teacher's face, he gets two pink tickets, an' when th' inspector visits th' school he says to th' big mule, 'Shame on you.' Back in my day, th' teacher hit him one life-sized wallop that made him think he bumped into a comet. If he gave any more back talk, th' boss teacher of th' whole school run at him an' set him down so

hard his back bone near went into his hat. I never learned how to spell till ol' Doc Baldwin that learned us broke his cane on my bean one Friday. Somehow it raised a welt big enough to let brains in. An' when I got one lickin' at school, I got another one when I got home. That's what learned me so well. Kids go to school for th' same reason you send soldiers to th' army. If you let them soldiers do as they please, an' talk back to them captains an' colonels, they ain't fit to fight hoboes. An' you don't learn them soldiers to shoot straight an' win shoulder straps by talkin' sugar nothin's to 'em. Them soldiers get th' hook if they ain't watchin'. That's what kids need. Th' men runnin' this country now is th' men that got lammed good an' hard when they was kids. When th' softy kind get to runnin' it, me for Bulgaria.

"Twenty-eighth, Twenty-eighth, next Thirty-third!

"Wait till they get off!

"Both doors, both doors, lively, please!

"Watch your step!"

BE YOUR OWN HIRED MAN

"Nobody can get servants to work for 'em any more. You know why, don't you? They ain't any more servants. They all died off.

"What d' you expect to happen when you make everybody a dude? Long time ago they used to have real servants. They couldn't spell c-a-t an' they called th' man they worked for 'master' an' they called th' lady 'missus.' You could get one by openin' th' door an' whistlin'. An' when they took a job, they was treated right. They didn't know nothin' but to be lick-spittles, an' th' 'master' an' th' 'missus' was as proud of 'em as they was of a new horse, an' they treated 'em right. Th' cook knew th' 'missus' knowed more'n she did. When th' coachman went out drivin' he swelled up like he was glad he was alive. Then we got this eddication 'bug' an' all th' kids was

told they could be president an' th' cook's little girl went to dancin' school an' learned to pump a typewriter so she'd get easy money an' get to be a lady quick. When th' old servants died off, they wasn't no more. Nobody tries to be servants now 'less they've lost their money, an' then they want to get easy money quick as they can. They's people right now got servants and hain't no right to have any. If me an' Lizzie gets married, we ain't gonna have any cook bossin' aroun' an' tellin' us where to get off. I ain't scared at washin' dishes if me an' Lizzie eats out of 'em. An' if I can't make my own bed an' chase a bucket o' coal up stairs, I ain't gonna split my money up with some duffer to do it for me.

"Thirty-third! Thirty-third! Grand Central, next!

"Both doors, both doors!

"Don't stand on th' platform!

"Watch your step!"

WHISKERS

"Where's all th' whiskers went? A good bunch of whiskers makes everybody sit up an' look pleasant nowdays. No fellows with whiskers goes wrong an' keeps 'em. It's a safe bet when you see a fellow with alfalfa all over his chin he didn't tap anybody's money drawer yesterday. Whiskers is a certificate of character. You never see a policeman study a man that's got whiskers. Th' cop knows he'd never see 'em again if th' fellow was a crook. No rogue's gallery has feather dusters in it. Fellows with whiskers is powerful fond o' women. You're safe in askin' if his oldest boy is in school yet. They are great savin' o' laundry bills, whiskers is. Your Sunday collar's good till Friday. An' look at th' barbers' money you save. It's no wonder Russians come over here an' live on

starvation wages. They brung their whiskers along. This country won't amount to nothin' till we let our whiskers grow. One reason most our Presidents was born on a farm is because that's where fathers with 'gosh-ding-its' lived. Some fellows wear whiskers in self-defense. Their face is too short, or their mouth is too big or they ain't got no chin.

"If you like a fellow, never ask him to cut his whiskers off. He might do it to please you, an' you'd die laughin'. Everybody used to wear 'em when I was a boy. Then all a-sudden th' doctors said catchy diseases got in your whiskers. An' somebody got up a safety razor. That settled it. We been dippy about bald faced men ever since. That ain't got nothin' to do with bald headed men. Their trouble is wearin' hats too much. Hair is just like grass. Do you s'pose grass 'd grow for a minute under a Derby hat?

"All aboard! Broadway local to Hunderd Thirty-seventh Street!

"Both doors, please. Step lively!

"Watch your step!"

MAKE SQUEALIN' POPULAR

"They's only one way to keep from goin' to jail nowdays an' that's to squeal. When everybody gets to squealin', th' county can rent th' jail for a singin' school. Th' reason squealin' ain't popular is 'cause squealers don't holler soon enough. When them crooked guys go to stealin', their pals ought to treat 'em like I'd treat Danny Lynch if he'd say to me, 'Let's me an' you rob Lizzie of her bracelet.' I wouldn't squeal, no-o-o, I wouldn't, but Danny would if he ever come to, after I hit him. That's the way pals ought to act.

"Squealin' on a crook ain't nothin'. Look what you're doin' when you ain't squealin'. You're playin' false to every little baby an' all th' decent men an' women in New York. I'd ruther be a squealer than a 'rotter.' That's when you know somebody's doin' dirt to de-

cent people an' you keep still about it. Talk about 'honor 'mong thieves.' They ain't any, I tell you. They ain't a bigger lot o' white livers any place 'n they is close to a crook's backbone. You know a fellow wouldn't be a crook if he had a red liver, nohow. I'm in favor o' givin' prizes to squealers so's to make it worse for crooks. You want to fix it so no man can tell another fellow anything he wouldn't holler right out loud. Fix it so they can't be any squealin'. To do that, you got to train everybody to squeal first. Some day I'm gonna get up th' Independent Order o' Squealers. Any mut can get in that hollers like a cowboy on a drunk every time he sees another mut doin' wrong. Th' fellow hollers th' most gets elected Grand Squawk. Nobody belongs if he can't make a noise when he sees a crook.

"Broadway local! Hunderd'n Thirty-seven, only!

"You must let 'em off first!

"Hurry up, hurry up, all aboard!

"Watch your step!"

SUNDAY AIN'T SUNDAY ANY MORE

" Me an' Lizzie meandered out to Bronx Park Sunday. In hot weather we always try to go to th' park. Cars were jammed, an' people rushed along like they was two jumps ahead of a fit. Outside th' park, music was playin' like a street fair. Two or three o' them Mary-go-wrongs was whirlin' 'round, loaded with fellows an' girls. Everybody was hollerin' at everybody else. Little boys in good clothes were thicker'n horse-flies, an' tryin' to be as bad. Close by they was eatin' rubber sandwiches and guzzlin' drinks like they had to ketch a train. I don't see what's th' matter with people Sundays. Some o' 'em go to church in th' mornin'. Then all of 'em go plumb crazy in th' afternoon. It looks as if they start out chasin' a good time they never got. We went to a restaurant out there an'

th' waiters was so busy they couldn't see us. They was a darkey quartet yellin' ragtime louder 'n a band could play, an' everybody actin' like they expect to go to th' booby house to-morrow. If every day was Sunday, we'd all have th' jumpin' jimmies. Lizzie says nobody plans things for Sunday. She says people don't know where they're goin'. They need a bucket of hot water to put their feet in an' cracked ice on their cocoanut. They're just Sunday simple. Sunday used to be a good day to see your girl. We used to sit on the grass in the park an' talk nothin'. No use now. You'll get run over. Even if you stay at home, th' folks is so busy gettin' their washin' ready for Monday, you're in th' way. It looks like Sunday ain't Sunday any more.

"Cathedral Parkway! Cathedral Parkway!

"No, lady, I don't know where that church is.

"Let her off, please!

"Watch your step!"

ARE YOU A 'JINER?'

"I see you got your lodge pin on. That's my lodge. Lizzie took my pin so's to wear it to a party. That ain't th' only lodge I belong to. Are ye a Mason? Y' ain't? Are ye a K. P.? Y' ain't? Say, you ought to know my uncle Bob. He's what I call a 'jiner.' They ain't a lodge struck these United States yet he hain't rode its goat.

"By jing, he knows enough passwords to write th' Bible with. That's one reason he never got married. He can't stay out o' lodge meetin' long enough. If old Bob ever dies, I hope he gets drowned in th' ocean, 'cause his funeral 'll paralyze this town for onct. He ain't a very leadin' citizen, an' I'll bet he ain't got a dollar in a bank, but believe me, he's got enough receipts for lodge dues to paper th' City Hall.

"It's a good thing for a fellow to belong to some lodge. I don't care if it's nothin' more'n th' Independent Order o' Prickly Pears. He knows everybody ain't in it. Mebbe he thinks they can't get in it. That swells him up. An' when a man's got reason to feel proud, he's a lot better citizen 'n th' other kind sneakin' 'long with his head down an' tryin' to do somebody all th' time. I know some scallawags get into lodges. You can't keep cockroaches out o' your kitchen 'less you poison 'em. But this country 'd never be th' big show it is now if we hadn't tied fellows together in them secret societies.

"I mean all kinds of 'em, every religion, every nation an' every good thing has to have a church or a lodge to push it. It's th' fellows that don't belong to nothin' I feel sorry for. Them kind are missin' lots o' glad hands.

"Columbia University! Hunderd'n Sixteenth!

"Watch out, steppin' off!

"All aboard, come ahead, lively, please!

"Watch your step!"

CABBAGES CAN'T SMELL LIKE ROSES

"Th' Chicago woman that wants all th' other women called 'Missus' just 'cause all men is called 'Mister' wants to change her 'specs.' She's seein' all green. .They's nothin' to it. If anybody goes to callin' my Lizzie 'Missus' before she's 'Missus Jerry' it'll be that mut's last word on earth. This'd be a hot world with all the females wearin' 'Missus' in front o' their names. How th' dickens could you tell some fellow's woman from a girl lookin' for a fellow.

"Us guys have to tell 'em some way. I s'pose she'd be in favor o' puttin' a ring in th' married women's noses. She's got jelly on her face just 'cause she can't get me away from Lizzie. Now Lizzie's proud of bein' called 'Miss' 'cause she knows they's a mut called 'Mister' 'd like to have her called 'Missus.'

"Ain't it th' truth, they's people thinks a handle makes a jug? To my notion, th' purtiest thing about some old maids is callin' 'em 'Miss.' Widows don't put it over old maids just by bein' called 'Missus.' Them ladies win out 'cause they know th' game. If a fellow see a plump little widow come bowling into th' car, he don't care what her front name is. He fixes his tie an' he looks to see if his shoes is polished an' then he swells up like a turkey buzzard. Let one o' them vinegar faced females get aboard an' she might have two flunkeys on each side of her hollerin', 'This is the Honorable Missus Dewdad,' every guy gets busy readin' 'Want Ads' an' cussin' th' car for bein' slow. No, sir, it ain't what you call a woman makes her catch a man. I don't care if they call Lizzie a dodo bird, I'll get her yet.

"Manhattan Street, next Hunderd Thirty-seventh!

"Step lively, there, they's more wants on!

"Plenty o' room up front!

"Watch your step!"

IS A ELEVATOR A STAIRWAY?

"'Always take your hat off in th' presence of ladies,' a little fellow says to a big one, on my car yesterday. 'Aw gwan' says th' big one, 'd'ye mean to tell me I got to go aroun' bare headed,' says he. 'No, but when you're ridin' with 'em in a elevator.' 'What right has a elevator got over a stairway, or a sidewalk?' says th' big one. 'None, y' big chump' says Shorty, 'but it's th' rule.' 'Now there ye go agin, makin' fool rules. They's a elevator right here at Hunderd an' Sixty-eight Street big as th' grand stand at th' Ball Park an' if I'd take my lid off, my bald head'd be like a iceberg. I wouldn't go with my hat off in that place to please my mother. An' it's a elevator. If I got a right to keep my hat on there, why can't I in them bird cages they shoot up an' down on Nassau Street?' He's

right. Elevators ain't no thermometer to tell a man's a good fellow. Elevators is stairways. Some guy thinks elevators is rooms, an' carries his hat like he was gonna sit down an' eat somethin'. He'll carry his shoes in his hand, next. Them are th' kind tell me I eat my dinner at supper time. No, I don't. I eat my dinner noons, an' I read th' other day about a couple gettin' married an' havin' weddin' breakfast at 12 o'clock. Not for me. I'd get so faint without my coffee by that time, I wouldn't even marry Lizzie.

"This yankin' your hat off in a elevator is like lookin' a man steady in th' eye. It don't prove nothin'. One th' biggest crooks ever went to th' 'pen' looked at th' judge like he had glass eyes. Fellows take their hats off in elevators every day I wouldn't trust Lizzie alone with on a dark night.

"Hunderd Sixty-eight! Next, Hunderd Eighty-first!

"Let th' lady out, please!

"Watch your step!"

CAR SIGNS AIN'T TOO NOISY

"I see a man laughin' like a lunatic to-day at one of th' 'ads' in my car. That reminds me.

"Last week a solemn lookin' cuss was abusin' them signs like sixty. He said it was a shame to have cars an' dead walls all over town plastered with red an' yellow signs tellin' about soaps you could eat an' flea powder that always got 'em. He said it was forcin' things on you. An' it was a nuisance, to have to look at things you don't want to see. Why, he said if some guy stood up in th' train and hollered through a megaphone at you all th' time braggin' about liver pills or tellin' you to get fly screens at th' hardware store, you'd never stand for it. You'd have th' man with th' trumpet pinched for bein' a nuisance. He said he paid his nickel to ride an' didn't want no catalogue or picture books thrown in. I

think he's dead wrong. Some o' them signs is right educatin', an' they keep people from goin' crazy, instead o' botherin' 'em. If you look at blank walls all th' time, you feel like that old fellow looks. If you stare at th' pretty women on th' car, you get a punch in th' face. Old Kill-Joy ought to get up patent goggles with golden texts on 'em, an' pictures of angels in their 'nighties,' so his eyes couldn't wander. I notice he had a big band o' black crape on his ice cream overcoat. Wasn't that kinda rubbin' it into the rest o' us? When you're tryin' to be cheerful, ain't it awful to have his overcoat cryin' out loud?

"Dyckman Street!

"This way out!

"Change here if you're goin' further!

"Watch your step!"

WOMEN'S TO BLAME FOR GIRLS GOIN' WRONG

"It ain't five dollars a week makes girls go wrong. It's other women.

"Any mut of a man cavorts aroun' all he pleases, stays out all night, gets drunk, brags about it, chases girls an' shows it in his face. Th' women all stand for it, an' think he's smart. If a girl wabbles th' least bit, out she goes. Ain't girls got blood, liver an' lights jus' like men?

"You won't let a girl ask a fellow to marry her. You won't let her know nothin'. If she ain't lucky enough to catch a husband without flaggin' him, she'll die a old maid. All time you tell her that, you let that guy she's got her eye on pick up any woman he pleases an' drop her agin. You bet he ain't gonna die like a old maid. An' all th' other women see him

chasin' girls, an' know he's a dog, an' tell him to come to supper to their house, an' dance with him, an' love him. He don't need tell 'em where he was last night. They got their suspicions, but they don't mind that. He's a man, an' he's got his fingers crossed.

"Your mother an' my sister could stop all that in two shakes of a sheep's tail. If th' women in this country get together tomorrow an' say they wouldn't stand for a man that couldn't tell 'em honest where he was last night, they'd be so many weddin' rings bought, th' price o' gold 'd go up. You couldn't get into church for people on th' sidewalk lookin' at th' brides' dresses. Single women'd be so scarce them storekeepers'd pay four dollars a day for cash girls. Take it from me, women got nobody but 'emselves to blame for girls goin' wrong.

"Broadway Express! Two Hunderd Fifteenth, only!

"Move up in front, ladies, move up front!

"Them men can't get by you!

"Watch your step!"

A DOG CAN LEARN YOU

" People's got a lot to learn from dogs. Just 'cause we walk all th' time on our hind legs an' eat with a spoon is no sign we got dogs beat any. They ain't any mother'll stick to her boy longer 'n your dog'll stick to you. He'll yelp when you kick him, an' look to see if you mean it. He knows you don't. And when you soften up an' say, ' All right, old fellow,' he mighty near wags his tail off, he's so glad to make up. Just you try that on th' next man you meet an' see what you get. If you try that on your brother or your best chum, you might not get bit on th' leg, but you'd get a wallop in th' eye. When I been on this car all day, takin' everybody's guff, havin' bankers bark at me like they had hydryfoby, an' ladies spittin' at me like mad-cats 'cause they hain't got sense enough to get off

where they want to, I'm glad to go home an' see my dog 'Budge.' Say, that dog waits for me with his ear cocked listenin'. Nobody else's feet sounds like mine. An' if my foot was th' last one that kicked him, he's glad to hear it comin'. I get 'shamed of myself for not treatin' that dog better. He'd put every dollar he had on me if he had money. His little stub tail wiggles 'thank'ee, thank' ee' long 'fore he gets anythin'. He's so tickled when I get him a bone I wish I could get him a whole beef. Ain't it a pity human bein's don't act good as dogs when somebody does 'em a good turn. It don't cost nothin' to say 'thank you' like my four-legged Budge does, but I know lots o' two legged ones too stingy to say it. I'd rather go where Budge is gonna go than twang a harp with them people.

"All stops to Van Cortlandt Park!

"Yes, Ma'am, this car goes all the way through.

"You're welcome, ma'am.

"Watch your step!"

DON'T ROAST THE MESSENGER BOY

" People got to quit guyin' messenger boys for bein' slow. Them boys ought to be in school. If they was, some of th' other boys' daddies wouldn't guy th' messenger kids for bein' slow. It's 'cause they hain't got any decent daddy they run errands for two bones a week.

" I s'pose you want 'em to go like cycles in a motor drome all th' time an' eat fresh air while they're goin'. I'm glad you get fooled. No messenger boy that's got any red blood in 'im is gonna run by a good dog fight luggin' a telegram tellin' you your mother-in-law's comin' to your house to stay.

" You got more sense 'n to run into school-houses an' try hurry th' jogerfy class. Them little white-faced muts spend six hours a day makin' a bluff readin' with th' teacher standin' right over 'em spellin' out th' words for 'em.

That's all right, that is. You slap your wishbone an' holler, 'Hooray for young America.'

"Then when you ketch them little hobnail shoe messenger boys walkin' along readin' 'The Poisoned Gumdrop, or The Candy Woman's Revenge,' you bark at 'em for bein' slow. An' they was readin' it without th' aid o' whip or spur, like th' man rides bareback in th' circus.

"Don't you want them boys eddicated? Do you want 'em to grow up like they was wagon wheels?

"If I was Governor I'd make a new law. I'd say you got to add ten minutes' leeway to messenger kid's runnin' time. We got truant cops to keep school kids from runnin' off. We need telegraph cops to see no workin' boy misses any fun goin' or gets docked for loafin'.

"Van Cortlandt Park! Two Hunderd Forty-second!

"Take your time, gettin' off!

"All out now, end o' th' line!

"Both doors, both doors!

"Watch your step!"

GIMME ME A FEMALE JURY

"Right now, when all th' women is votin' or hikin' to vote, what does a Jersey judge do but have th' law on one of 'em, an' say she shan't pay more 'n a dollar for corsets. That judge is askin' for it, an' he'll get it. Them Jersey women'll vote purty soon, an' he'll think th' court house clock fell on him.

"If I was a judge nowdays, I'd sing purty low. Juries is bad enough when they're all whiskers an' knuckles. No female lady on a jury is gonna let th' judge have th' last word. An' when they get six women on a jury, an' six men, an' th' court sends 'em out, by jing, they never will come back. If ever I kill anybody, an' they go to try me, I'll ask for part females on my jury. An' I don't want 'em married. Before my case gets done, one of them women'll get so stuck on one of them good lookin' duffers my lawyer's put on that

jury she'll marry 'm, an' that'll let me out. When two people get married, they ain't two any more, they're one. So that jury'll just be 'leven, an' you can't make any fellow stand for only 'leven men on his jury. He's got to have twelve, else he hain't killed th' guy he killed.

"But women make better juries'n men. You can't fool one female in forty-six. They can tell you're lyin' if you're blindfolded. Half o' these chump lawyers'll go out o' business when you get female juries. If it wasn't for juries bein' dunderheads, they wouldn't be so many lawyers, nohow. Most lawyers won't let a guy set on a jury if he's ever been to school. They want jurymen to get splinters in their fingers every time they scratch their head. I don't see why courts ain't all women, anyway. I never seen a court house yet with a statue of a man holdin' a pair o' scales.

"Ninety-first, Ninety-first! City Hall local!

"Let 'em on, don't block th' way!

"Move up in front. Plenty o' room.

"Watch your step!"

DID YOU EVER TRY THINKIN'?

"All us guys is a lot o' copy cats. If anybody starts out to do somethin' nobody else did, you think he's dippy. Folks don't try to act like 'emselves. They all act like some picture they seen. It takes gobs o' real brains to make you look like yourself so some other mut'll copy you. Women pile all kinds o' dead hair on top their head so's to look like some woman with real hair.

"A fellow'd think he wasn't half dressed if he didn't have a fool pin stickin' in his tie, an' if a guy'd come downtown with a coat on that hadn't got a collar on it just like every other guy, he's afraid he'd be arrested. An' when some mut makes a speech to a crowd an' says a lot o' flub-dub 'bout 'liberty' an' uses all th' nice words he can think of like 'mother,' 'home,' an' 'heaven,' th' crowd rave over it

like he was sayin' somethin'. It don't take no brains to listen to such stuff. I always think a fellow makin' a speech ain't said nothin' when th' people listenin' to him clap their hands. If he said somethin' new, that took brains to say, th' people wouldn't be clappin' their hands; they'd be so busy gettin' th' new dope, you could hear a pin drop. I never see a hen flappin' its wings yet when it's layin' a egg. It's too busy.

" Us humans got corns on our feet an' calluses on our hands. We got stummicks all wored out an' our hearts is gettin' weak. Our lungs is bein' coughed up an' our liver's choked. But we got one bran' new piece o' machinery up in our cocoanut that ain't half worked. Did you ever try thinkin' real hard? You might surprise yourself doin' somethin' th' other muts ain't doin'.

" Eighty-six Street, Eighty-six! Next, Seventy-ninth!

" Move on up in th' car.

" Don't all of you stand right in th' door.

" Watch your step! "

QUIT PUSHIN' ON TH' LINES

"An old codger says to me to-day, 'W'y do all young fellows yank their pants up at th' knee when they set down?' I was so busy pullin' my door handles he told me th' answer himself. Says he, 'They don't mind how funny they look when they're settin' so long's they look like their pants is creased when they stand up.' An' then he laugh so hard he set me to thinkin'.

"Most all th' fellows I see on my car hitch their breeches away up so their socks show. They don't mind how funny they look. They cross their legs an' sit all humped in like bums on a park bench. But th' minute they get up, you see 'em straighten out an' shake their foot an' step off with th' creases showin' fine. You wouldn't think that dude walkin' along so nice with his pants pressed was set-

tin' a minute ago with 'em rolled up to his knees lookin' like a gawk out wadin'. Th' old codger talkin' to me said when he was a boy, it was a sign of hand-me-down clothes to see a crease in 'em.

"This settin' with your pants all pulled up from th' bottom half th' day so you can look good th' other half is just like us Americans. Lizzie's mother does her washin' on Monday. She used to get all her dirty clothes together Sunday night but now she gathers 'em up Saturdays. She gets through washin' quicker Mondays, she says. I told her if she gathered 'em up Fridays an' washed Saturdays she'd have Monday for a holiday. Old uncle Bob says 'save at th' spigot, run out th' bung.'

"You can't rest yourself walkin' up a movin' stairway. It's like pushin' on th' lines when you're drivin' a horse. The horse don't mind. You ain't shovin' him.

"Down town local, all stops to City Hall!

"Plenty o' seats in the forward end!

"All aboard. Come on, come on!

"Watch your step!"

OLD FOLKS LIKE TO BE IN TH' SWIM

"You ain't no older'n you feel. I tell y' people don't die o' old age. They get killed or else get pushed off. I been watchin' 'em.

"They's too much fun goin' on for people to want to die. But young folks let old folks get lonesome too much. Don't you know old person's live longer if you treat 'em like they was young? Now Lizzie's mother acts about thirty years old, an' she'll never see sixty agin. The reason is Lizzie don't do nothin' to push 'er off. When they's any shoppin' to do, Lizzie just hollers out 'Come on, girlie, get your goloshes on an' let's go see th' movies.' An' when they come home an' her maw says 'Now Lizzie, I'm goin' to make some o' them beaten biscuit your Uncle Henry's so fond of' she don't holler out 'Aw, go set down, mother dear, an' I'll get supper,'

no, sir, she says 'Fine, maw, you do that, an' I'll set th' table an' wash th' dishes.'

"That makes old folks young. Take 'em right in on th' ground floor. Don't let 'em think they ain't it any more. How'd you like to have some grown up kid you'd raised without a bottle tell you to go set down an' twiddle your thumbs. That's pushin' 'em off, that is. You might as well shove 'em off th' end o' th' dock or chloroform 'em. I hate to see old people workin' 'emselves blind for some miserable grown up children, but them kind live a blame sight longer'n old ones you don't let do nothin'. They's more people rust out'n wear out. Be a good pal to 'em.

"You ain't got no cinch stayin' young yourself. An' you won't like that brat o' your'n to bark at you, 'Go set down, gramp,' all th' time.

"Sixty-six, next! Next Sixty-six!

"Come ahead, all aboard!

"Plenty o' room inside!

"Get away from th' door, please!

"Watch your step!"

SMALL MONEY SPLITS WAGES

" They tell me Uncle Sam is goin' to make half-cent pieces for us workin' people. That ain't goin' to help any. Things that sell for 12 1-2 now an' two for a quarter, will get marked 12 3-4 an' your half cent won't keep that from being 13. Hens will get 27 3-4 cents a dozen now for cold storage eggs. That's 55 1-2 'stead of 55 cents for two dozen, but it'll help th' poor slot machine people. I see they're kickin' about it already, an' saying it'll ruin 'em, an' they'll have to change all their machines to fit th' new money. Take it from me, they'll never touch them gold mines. They'll put new ones right 'longside of 'em an' get all your half pennies before you get home.

" Lizzie's Uncle Henry says it's a sign a country's gettin' old when they split money smaller. He says in a new country nothin'

goes less than a nickel. When it's old enough to have poor houses and aldermen, they get out pennies. An' over where women and children have to work, they get pfennigs and farthings. Down in old China, a pig tailed geezer only gets 2 cash a day, he says, an' it takes 46 cash to buy a bottle o' milk. Money's a bother anyway. Why don't they run th' country like th' subway? Make everybody pay his nickel 'fore he goes through the gate an' then give 'em all th' ride they want. Let th' big ones have th' money. Everytime a kid's born let th' government pay for it's keep an' chalk th' kid a white mark for livin' well an' soak him for goin' wrong. Birds an' snakes don't waste time tradin' half cent pieces with each other. An' they have their own nests an' holes, too.

"Course, they don't pay dividends to a bunch o' phoney ones that hain't either flyin' or crawlin'.

"Times Square! Grand Central, next!

"Step forward, please! Don't crowd the doorway!

"Watch your step!"

YOU CAN'T PLEASE A KICKER

"Kick, durn ye, kick! I don't care. You come downtown all squgeed to kick an' I s'pose you got to get it out o' your system.

"If I had a dog growlin' around like some men do all day, I'd give him croton oil. Here it is a sunshiny day, an' th' trees in th' park look like a picture book. That old man yowled at a fellow that beat him into my car, an' yowled at me for slammin' th' door, an' said us conductors ought to wear a ball an' chain, an' he hollered 'cause some girl's hat pin was too long an' looked cross enough between uptown an' down to sour a milk train. Now he's bow-wowin' about how slow we run. Say, you just can't please some people.

"Don't argue with a kicker. That's what he wants. He's been practicin' up while you been actin' like a human bein'. Just laugh at

him. It makes 'im wild first, but he comes to like a fellow that's had a fit. Th' trouble with a real kicker is he don't know when to stop. He keeps on kickin' long after he's got any use to. Did y' ever kick at a dog an' miss it an' jerk your leg almost out of joint? Did y' ever go upstairs in th' dark, prancin' high, an' go climbin' for th' step on top th' top step? Lizzie's aunt bit her tongue off that way onct. Just a piece of it. That's th' way a kicker feels if he kicks all th' time.

"But it's a good thing some people kick. Th' grafters would have stole th' City Hall long ago if it wasn't for th' kickers. It ain't 'cause kickers is so honest. It's 'cause they like to kick, an' thy don't want th' other fellow to get away with it. You know th' kid that falls off th' wagon always hollers 'Whip behind' to the driver, so his buddie'll get licked off. No, kickin's no thing to brag about.

"Eighteenth next, next Eighteenth!

"Be careful gettin' off!

"Both doors, both doors!

"Watch your step!"

"I got a buddy that's a detective. He's in one of th' hotels on Broadway. They call him th' 'house man' but he's a sure enough detective. He's got a star an' if he'd arrest you, it'd be th' same as if a cop would. He's on his job night times. Him an' me's got th' same room. Only he sleeps in it after I've gone to work. That fellow's smarter'n a steel trap. Lizzie don't like him. She got peeved at him one night when we was all eatin' together an' Danny said (Danny Lynch, that's his name) every man had his price. He said he knowed it, 'cause he'd bought lots of 'em. I didn't get mad at him, like Lizzie did. He didn't mean it th' way she took it. You see he's just like a fellow workin' all th' time in th' stock yards. He couldn't smell a bouquet if you soaked it in hair oil. You know a good

bird dog runs around with his nose to th' ground all th' time, lookin' for bird tracks. That's Danny. If a bird dog'd run into a bunch o' singin' canaries, an' flush 'em, an' you wouldn't shoot their yellow heads off, that dog'd quit you for a coward. Lizzie says to him, 'Dan, you got a evil mind. I'd hate to think you had your price, an' I know Jerry ain't got his. Have you, Jerry?' An' I says 'No, no, I ain't. Not since I knowed you. You got me bought an' paid for. I'd swim th' river for you.' Danny laughed so hard he choked on a bean in his soup, an' he says, 'There I told you every man had his price.' An' Lizzie says right out loud so's everybody heard it, 'That ain't what price means. Price means somebody can get you if they offer more. An' nobody can get Jerry away from me.' Lizzie's right. She ain't got no price. She's got a copper rivet cinch.

"Bleecker, Bleecker! Spring, next!

"Stand back, an' let 'em off!

"Don't stand on th' platform!

"Watch your step!"

DON'T BE A RAIN CROW

"I caught Lizzie cryin' last night, when I went to see her, an' it didn't take me long to find out her sister been tellin' her somethin' mean some other girl said about her. That sister o' Lizzie's a regular rain crow. You know them crows always fly around cawin' just before it begins to sprinkle. You can tell it's goin' to splatter pretty soon if you hear 'em croakin'. It may be a hour 'fore they's any rain, but durin' that whole time them crows won't let you forget your fun's gonna be spoiled. I ain't got no use for a rain crow. Every time you hear 'em, it aggravates you worse'n rain does when it comes. Sister's one o' them kind. She couldn't hear a good thing if you lock her in a room with a phonograph playin' th' Lord's Prayer. But if anybody talks nasty about anybody else sister's

right there with both ears, an' she's plumb out o' breath gettin' home to tell it to Lizzie. Me an' her don't gee a little bit. Sister's brains is curdled. She's so 'fraid 't won't rain all th' time, she's got crows beat to death cawin'. If anybody'd hand that girl a bouquet to give you, she'd say they sent it for your funeral. She gets so mad tellin' what some knocker said about you, you wonder why she didn't get mad at th' knocker. But that ain't sister. She'll purr like a tabby cat to get th' knocker to talkin', an' eggs her on by sayin', 'You don't say? Ain't it awful?' Crows ain't much good anyway, let alone rain crows. Nobody minds gettin' wet, but you hate to get told all th' time you're goin' to get wet an' then have 'em tell you how wet you got. I'd rather be a old hen layin' one egg anytime 'n be a rain crow.

"Spring Street, Spring! Canal next!

"Watch out gettin' off!

"Wait for 'em, don't get on yet!

"Now, come along, all aboard!

"Watch your step!"

JIG TUNES MAKE YOU EAT

" Sunday night I took Lizzie to a restaurant. I always blow myself Sunday nights. Th' orchestra was playin' ' Old Black Joe ' when we went in, an' th' people looked like they didn't want nothin' to eat. An' when we come out they played ' Darlin', I am Growin' Old.' Durin' th' meal, a girl sang a awful sad song. It kinda made a lump in my throat an' Lizzie said her coffee was so hot it made tears come. Th' waiter said they called th' piece th' ' Rosary ' an' it always made him think he'd done somethin' wrong. You know, I ain't goin' there agin 'less I get Lizzie's mother to go along. She's awfully fond o' goin' to funerals. It'll be a treat for her. But Lizzie says she can eat more if they play somethin' lively. I guess quick tunes makes your blood run fast an' tickles your appetite.

I bet I could eat till I need a doctor if they play 'Turkey in th' Straw' all th' time. Th' minute they start slow music, I want a glass of water. That's why railroad eatin' houses make so much money. They keep tootin' an' ringin' all about so you get excited an' swaller pie an' cake an' things when you only want a sandwich. That's th' game.

"If I had a restaurant, my fiddlers wouldn't get paid for slow tunes. An' if a singer warbled 'Home Sweet Home,' I'd soak her a dollar every time anybody quit eatin' an' went out. But it's easy swallowin', when you listen to a jig. It tickles you so anythin' tastes good. I ate a whole pie once, without thinkin', 'cause I was laughin' at a fellow's hat that blowed into a horse's face. They's enough to cry about in this world without payin' for a table cloth to cry on. Any guy's food muscles work better on ragtime an' waltzes. Nobody can eat when he's snivellin'.

"Canal Street! Worth, next!

"Let 'em out please, let 'em out!

"Watch your step!"

STOP WHEN YOU HEAR 'WHOA'!

"'Ding, ding' is a go-ahead signal every place. It only takes one 'ding' to stop. You know they's a reason for that. You got to be ready to go ahead. You're always ready to stop. Bein' ready is th' whole thing. A fresh guy pulled my bell cord 'ding, ding' last Tuesday 'fore I could see all the people was on, an' th' motorman started. We drug a old lady forty feet 'fore I could stop her. We wasn't ready. Look at that Titanic everybody talked about. She was th' whole thing on th' water. When she left over there with 2,000 people, they gave her two bells in such a hurry they forgot th' spy glasses an' th' feller on th' front couldn't see icebergs nor nuthin'. And there she was goin' licketty split. So a lot o' people drowned just 'cause th' 'ding-ding' was give to 'em when they

wasn't ready. Stoppin' comes when you ain't lookin' for it. If you're a motorman runnin' fast, your eyes full o' red an' green lights, an' your bell goes 'ding' you can't wait to see how many more 'dings' is comin'. You just stop. Most people don't know one 'ding' means stop. They keep lookin' for more bells to ring. If their eyes pain 'em, they keep right on readin' papers on th' train. They go blind just 'cause they didn't mind th' one 'ding' an' stop. They keep naggin' their wife 'til some day she says, 'Another word an' I'll quit you!' Now that's one bell. Does he mind it? Not him. An' 'en she quits him. An' if a mut swipes change from somebody that ain't lookin', an' feels sore at himself for doin' it, that's one bell. If he don't mind, it's th' stone bedroom for him. He don't know his signals.

"Worth Street! Worth Street!

"Yes, ma'am, this is nearest to th' Tombs!

"Watch your step!"

DARWIN NEVER CHEWED GUM

"Where does all th' chewin' gum go to, people chew? You never hear of it any more. Every time we pull by a station I see people drawin' some out a slot machine an' chuckin' it in their faces. Now just look down that car an' see their jaws workin'. Gabby people mostly chew gum. It gives 'em a appetite for words. They got their mouths open an' so they say it. Th' fellow that's listenin' to 'em ain't got any gum. You can always tell a tight wad. He's a good listener. Did you every try to borrow money from anybody an' he just listened an' listened, an' you told how bad you needed it an' how good you could pay it back? When you got done talkin', an' he ain't said a word, you wouldn't loaned yourself money if you had it, you felt that mean. I don't see why deaf an' dumb people ain't all

rich. Gum chewers is easy marks. Workin' their jaws keeps 'em from gettin' mad an' thinkin' hard. Ball players chew gum. Bankers don't. If you get a down and out man to chew gum, he won't shoot himself. He couldn't till he finished his gum an' then he's changed his mind. I always thought that fellow Darwin was wrong when he said men come from monkeys.

"I only know one kind of animal you can walk up to an' ask for a chew an' that's a cow or a billy goat. Animals with horns that eats grass likes to chew without swallerin'. You never see a dog or a rooster chew for fun. A rooster ain't got no teeth anyway an' a dog chews for keeps. Horses don't chew, snakes just swaller their food an' if you give a monkey a stick of wax or a chew of tobacco, he'd spit it out. No sir, old man Darwin got th' wrong dope. He never saw Lizzie chew gum.

"Brooklyn Bridge! Change for Express!

"City Hall local! City Hall!

"Be careful gettin' on!

"Watch your step!"

THEM WAS GOOD OL' DAYS

"I struck a old codger to-day whinin' about th' 'good old times' an' I just thought I'd take a fall out o' him, so I says, 'Mister, what d'you miss nowadays you had in them good old days you talk so much about?' An' he says, 'My boy, you got more comfort in them days out a dollar's worth o' somethin' 'n you get now for a hundred dollars.' He says, 'I tell ye, they was honest men in them days, an' they wasn't watchin' to skin ye every time ye turned around.' I says, 'Grandpaw, us humans always had cheatin' horse traders an' lightnin' rod peddlers.' No country gets along without 'em. Them old days look gooder just because you forget what you was worryin' over them times. You had smallpox in cold weather an' yellow fever in hot months, an' you had cholera chasin' you one

year an' grasshoppers th' next. You pretty near shook th' house down with chills and fever, an' th' richest man in town was th' old doctor. You went to bed early 'cause you didn't have no light but a old candle. Nobody took a bath 'cept kids in summer time. You couldn't bought a ice cream sody with a ten dollar bill. If a fellow was sick with fever, they couldn't feed him ice 'cause nobody had it. Everybody got sunstruck in summer an' chilblains in winter. Mad dogs was common an' if one of 'em bit a fellow, his family sent for th' undertaker. It's a wonder they didn't take consumptives out an' shoot 'em. They never had a chance to go get the mornin' paper off th' porch an' read th' news before breakfast. They was lucky if they got to read a almanac an' Pilgrim's Progress. Oh, them was good old days, I don't think.

"Look out for that step gettin' off, grandpaw!

"Let 'em off first! Let 'em off!

"Express to West Farms! Bronx Express!

"Watch your step!"

BARE-ARMED WOMEN WANT YOU TO LOOK AT 'EM

"You can tell spring's come by th' short sleeves. An' I notice more nice ladies stand up an' hang on the straps now, too. I guess they want to put it over th' skinny bunch that wears their sleeves long. But my, my, how mad a woman gets if sh' catches a man eyeing her pretty arm. She'll stand for th' whole car gawkin' at her if she thinks no particular one of 'em is doin' it. She wants every fellow to see her arm but she don't want him to see her catch him at it! So th' wise guys steal a look at th' dimples in her elbow an' go on readin' about murders an' divorces.

"One swell girl wanted me to have a fellow pinched who was lookin' at her arm like he had a boil on his neck, but I was awful deaf

that morning. She knew when she got on this car it wasn't full o' blind men. An' if she didn't want that guy to see how plump her arm was, she ought to wear sleeves like her grandma does. It looks to me, when a woman wears short sleeves an' shows her arms in public sh' says to everybody, 'Them's th' kind of arms I got. Can you beat it?' So I couldn't blame th' fellow for lookin'. An' says I to myself, sh' ain't half as mad as she lets on. Sure enough, she got off fixin' her hatpin, with both arms up in th' air all th' way to th' stairs.

"Woman is a awful funny creature, anyway. If you don't pay no attention to 'em, they get peeved, an' if you pay too much, they call you fresh. Anyway, I like to see hot weather an' short sleeves.

"Up town local! All stops to the Bronx!

"Move up in th' center of th' car!

"Step in out of th' way, please!

"Watch your step!"

THEY OUGHT TO BE THEATERS FOR WISE GUYS

"I took Lizzie out to see a show last night. We got good seats for fifty cents right upstairs. We hadn't more'n set down 'fore a man 'n a woman behind us knew all about th' show. If they sprung any new gag on him, he hollered 'rotten' an' he told th' old gags before th' actors did. She tried to shut him up, but he wanted to get his money's worth tellin' us. I was so bothered I couldn't make out what th' show was about. I wish they was some theater where green horns like me could go see a show by ourselves. Mebbe we could get into that feller's class then an' go to his kind of shows an' tell other people what was comin' next. They ought to have boxes for them people like telephone booths with glass windows where we could see 'em wiggle

an' couldn't hear 'em talk. I'd pay extra to see that feller buck an' gag if you couldn't hear him cuss. Why don't them class of people form a second nine an' play against th' real actors? I'd bet they get all 'ats comin' to 'em. You know I kind-a feel bad for actors. It ain't easy to make people laugh unless you give 'em money or fall down on a banana peel. They was a fellow come out on th' stage with a line o' fast talk that had jokes in it. He told 'em good. I tried not to laugh but I couldn't help it. But me an' Lizzie was almost th' only ones that laughed. Th' other people sat there all swelled up, never crackin' a smile. They looked like they dared him to make 'em laugh, an' by jing, he couldn't.

"I'd hate to make my livin' scarin' people. But it's a heap easier than makin' 'em laugh.

"Grand Central! Next, Seventy-second!

"Don't stand in th' doorway! All out!

"Express to Bronx Park!

"Watch your step!"

WOMEN'S GOT DYNAMITE IN 'EM JUS' LIKE MEN

"Did you hear th' gentleman who got off kickin' about women in politics? Some o' these old geezers think nobody's got any sense till he's got whiskers an' a Adam's apple. We push women into everythin' from teachin' school to takin' a man's job in th' mill. We send girls to college till they got brains like boys. We learn 'em to run automobiles an' sail a boat. It ain't no wonder they know a grafter when they see one. An' it ain't half as hard for a woman to spot a fellow that can act white, as it used to be. Women's got more sense in pickin' an' choosin' anyway. They got all th' brains th' colleges got an' horse sense besides. You can't keep a woman with a dynamo inside of her darnin' socks, 'an talkin' over th' back

fence. Better wake up an' let 'em cut loose in politics. I tell you you waste their snap in tryin' to keep 'em fryin' eggs an' washin' dishes. Give 'em a 'look-in' on what's doin' with their wages an' their kids, an' you'll double both of 'em. I hear a bunch o' women on my car Saturday gabbin' away like ball players raggin' a umpire. They was talkin' about tariff on clothes. Say, them women knew what they was talkin' about more'n any political grafters you ever see.

"Nowdays war is foolish. Men used to fight half th' time an' then split up what they was fightin' about. That's th' way politics started. An' when th' men don't fight, they ain't got no business runnin' politics. Most women is as full o' ginger as men. If you keep 'em at home, you're just keepin' dynamite in th' house. Let 'em out so they can blow up an' not wreck nothing.

"Seventy-second! Change for Express!

"Lenox local! All stops!

"Let 'em out please!

"Watch your step!"

SOMETHIN' FOR NOTHIN'

" You know you can ride all day long for a nickel in th' subway! All you got to do is to get out at some express station, cross over to th' other platform an' ride back agin. Nobody does it much. Takes all th' fun out of it when you know th' subway don't care. Don't you remember when th' horse cars had slot machines in front, an' no conductor, an' you was s'posed to drop your nickel? Th' driver got a stiff neck lookin' back all th' time to see how many honest people was ridin'. So long as some people think they're beatin' a game, they'll stick to it. I went to Atlantic City once an' walked up to a Saratogy spring fountain. I see a sign ' 5 cents ' an' people all a-pushin' to get some. I lays down my nickel an' th' boy gives me a high glass o' water. After I downed it an' shoved th' glass back, another

boy took my empty an' hands me a full one. 'Gee,' says I to myself, 'he thinks I just paid an' hain't had one yet.' So I swipes th' fresh one an' swallowed that. Dinged if he didn't push another glass at me when I put down my second empty. I was beginnin' to get full, but it tickled me so to beat them suckers I stayed at th' game 'til I almost bloated. Honest, I felt like th' Croton reservoir, an' had to renig on th' fifth glass. It made me feel bully to know I got four big drinks extra out of them grafters, 'til I looked at th' sign agin an' I see it said 'Five Cents for all you can Drink.' Now that was a shame. Here I filled up till I gagged just 'cause I thought it was beatin' 'em. Ain't it funny that a bargain ain't a bargain unless you skin th' other fellow?

"Ninety-sixth! Ninety-sixth! Change for Broadway!

"Don't stand in the doorway!

"Watch your step!"

COSTS MONEY TO HAVE "AUTO LEG"

"He's got 'auto leg.' That's what's eatin' that fellow. When I was a kid them kind o' people had hay fever. If one of us got to sneezin' we just had a cold. Then them guys commenced to get their 'pendixes cut out. Us workin' people bought paregoric an' kept our names out o' th' paper. Now they get 'auto leg!' They's more ginks got that disease than they is autos. If a fellow owns a car an' gets 'auto leg' he gets cured easy. He can bust th' speed limit or kill a rooster an' he'll get his leg pulled, all right, all right. But them sports that ain't got no auto, an' only has auto leg, got to go to th' springs to get cured. I had auto leg myself last summer. My feet got to hurtin'. Lizzie laughed at me an' said I had kidney feet. My shoes

was full o' feet. So I goes to a swell doctor, an' he listens to my heart beat an' says, 'My boy, you get up early every mornin' an' take a long horseback ride in th' country.' Says I, 'Doc, I bet I get up so early no horse I know is woke up yet, an' if I had a ridin' horse I wouldn't be pullin' bell ropes an' hollerin' streets.' Doctors ain't got no business to tell people such things. I'd ruther he said to me, 'Aw ferget it,' an' gimme a belt on th' back. So I got mad at him an' I went to th' company doctor. When I told him my feet hurt, he says to me, 'Did you ever try washin' 'em?' By jing, that man can tell what's th' matter with anybody. I told him I had auto leg an' he says, 'No, you got bow legs.' He's on to me, all right. You got to have a roll o' bills in your pocket that'd choke a sewer to have auto leg.

"Hunderd Thirty-fifth! Mott Avenue, next!

"Both doors, both doors, please!

"Step lively gettin' off!

"Watch your step!"

LOOKIN' GLASSES MAKES A HIT

"A fellow was tellin' me to-day 'bout some wise judge over in Yorkville police court gonna put a big lookin' glass in th' next room to where he fines th' bums, an' th' judge was goin' to make them hoboes go out an' look at their pickled faces. He thinks that'll cure 'em. That judge don't know nothin'. Rubber neckin' in a lookin' glass don't shame nobody of his looks. It makes a woman pat her back hair an' shove in her hairpins, an' it always makes a man swell up an' think he's th' candy, every time. That's what keeps saloons from goin' out o' business. You couldn't get a jag in a bar room if you wasn't lookin' into a 40-foot lookin' glass. That's why most fellows don't like to go to church. They can't set that long an' not see their faces. If a church had lookin' glasses on its inside, you'd

go early to get in. I can't get Lizzie past one o' them 5 & 10 cent windows. I like 'em too, 'cause you know how you look.

"An' don't you get in your head that any fellow don't like his own looks. I see a fellow with a face like a horse run up to a slot machine with a lookin' glass on it. Say, that guy near looked a hole in that there glass. Thinks I to myself, he'll pull out a razor an' shave himself, he's so tickled. You see everybody thinks he's just about right on looks. That horse faced man knows he's th' right pattern for a human bein'. He never gets tired o' his face, an' you can't put enough lookin' glasses in th' subway to worry him. No, sir, that judge ain't goin' to make any drunk shamed o' his face. A fellow's face is a birthday present an' he likes to know it's on him all th' time.

"Mott Avenue! Mott Avenue!

"Look out, gettin' off!

"Both doors, both doors!

"Watch your step!"

'TAIN'T NEITHER BLONDES OR BRUNETTES

" Danny Lynch told me last night he seen in th' paper all blonde women start things they can't finish, an' all brunette ladies finish things they can't start. He said that must be true, 'cause at th' hotel on Broadway where he's house man all th' chambermaids is dark colored an' all th' house keepers is light. Th' light ones tell th' smoky ones what to do, an' they do it. By th' time they get that did, th' light ones tell 'em what else they can do. I got started thinkin' about that, an' I must have blonde blood in me. I can't finish. Seems to me he ain't counted on th' most important women they is. That's th' red headed ones. They beat th' blondes an' brunettes to death. If a girl is a blonde nowdays you ain't sure if it's a birthday present her mother

give her, or mebbe she bought it an' give it to herself. If she's a real dark brunette, mebbe her father's name was Sambo. You ain't never sure. But a real red headed girl, with them big freckles, an' blue eyes don't have no' 'pologies to make. Talk about startin' things an' finishin' things. You never seen a red headed old maid in all your life. You never seen one that couldn't put it all over white faced blondes an' muddy faced women. If them suffragettes got any sense, they'd put all their sorrel top, freckle faced women in front. Them are th' women that's got our number. Red headed girls ain't buyin' face paint an' hair dye all th' time. They ain't got false faces. I'm strong for 'em. Lizzie's got th' purtiest red hair you ever see.

"Jackson, Jackson! Next Prospect, Prospect next!

"Don't stop in th' doorway!

"Keep on movin' up th' car! Plenty room forward!

"Watch your step!"

TEASE 'EM WITH ICE CREAM

"Them suffragettes is at it all th' time over in London. I'd ruther be a umpire givin' rottin' decisions dead agin th' Giants when they're losin' at th' Polo Grounds 'n be them English parliament fellers.

"I hear some guy say on th' car to-day them London police arrest some women for rock throwin' or playin' fire bug, an' take 'em to jail an' pump food down 'em. When they can't make 'em swaller it they turn 'em loose. That's why them women doesn't stay in jail. What's th' matter with them bobbies? If I was turnkeep an' they throwed in a bunch o' ladies lookin' for me to squirt pie down their gizzards, I'd fool 'em. They'd get their dinner took to 'em all right, but I sure wouldn't waste any time pokin' it down. So they couldn't make any fuss about

it, I'd get Lizzie to make some tomato salad with thick yellow gravy all over it, an' I'd lay a plate o' that with strawberry ice cream right under their noses. If them suffragettes made snoots at it, an' hollered 'scab' at me, I'd say, 'Lady bugs, don't hold your breath till you get angel food, 'cause I ain't gonna get it.' They couldn't do that foolishness in this country. Might as well try to bumfoozle y'ur grocer into sellin' a box o' sardines an' a sack o' flour without any money by tellin' him you'd throw a fit right on th' counter if he didn't. You might start th' fit on th' counter but you finish on th' sidewalk. So long's them English cops keep chokin' food down them women an' turnin' 'em loose for not swallerin' it, they'll keep them storekeepers hollerin' 'fire' an' 'bloody murder.'

"Freeman Street! Next is Simpson! Simpson next!

"This way out, lady!

"Stand aside, an' let 'em off, please!

"Watch your step!"

GET OFF MY BACK!

"Now that election's over an' people commence tellin' th' truth agin, let's get down to th' bottom o' this high cost o' livin'. You want me to tell you what's the matter with us? We're ridin' each other's back. That's what makes livin' cost so high. If you get off my back an' I get off your back an' th' other guys get off our backs, we'll all eat turkey. Here I'm holdin' down a job openin' an' closin' doors lettin' you in an' out this car, an' dingin' a bell to start it. You know where I ought to be? I ought to be out growin' somethin' to eat or wear. You know why I ain't, don't you? It's 'cause this job looks easy to me. I get my money, an' no headache with it.

"You needn't talk! What you doin'? I bet you're just hangin' on to a job helpin' some

big stiff get much as he can without givin' much for it. What's gonna keep the cost o' livin' down with half th' people tryin' to cheat th' other half out o' what their old man left or what they raised theirself? We got enough town lots with bill boards on 'em to raise potatoes to burn. If th' four flushers boardin' in hotels an' city flats get out an' tickle th' back yard with a hoe for awhile, they'd know where garden sass comes from. Most of 'em thinks it grows in refrigerators. An' if these women spendin' their time bleachin' their back hair get out an' learn to bleach celery, they'd know what makes livin' cost so much. It ain't 'cause food is harder to grow'n it used to be. They's more people to feed an' not so many people growin' it. Ridin' always did cost more money 'n walkin'.

"Next stop, West Farms! West Farms, next!

"Don't stand in th' doorway! Move forward, please!

"Step lively! All aboard!

"Watch your step!"

DO YOU GET SUMMER MISERY?

"Where'd you go this summer? You didn't? Why didn't you? Everybody else did. That's th' only reason I know of. It's th' summer panic. You don't want to let your wife an' children think you can't run fast as th' neighbors.

"I know a fellow that clerks for th' Gas Company. He's got four kids an' ninety dollars a month. Every time hot weather comes you can see him weaken. I ask him this year which it was, th' seashore or th' mountains for him. He says, 'I tell you, Jerry, it's just this way. They're all doin' it, an' you got to go if you don't want your kids to feel 'shamed o' their daddy an' th' old woman stay on th' ice wagon for life. I don't mind payin' fare to th' country but I don't see where th' joy comes in. They put up at th' worst joint you ever see. If

that summer boardin' house was in our block, my wife wouldn't speak to anybody that went to it. I got a week off last year an' joined 'em. They lived on canned tomatoes an' meat that tasted like a boiled derby hat. It was too hot to go out any day I was there. Mosquitos worked day an' night. My wife broke her ankle fallin' off a chair. She was killin' spiders on th' ceilin' with her shoe. Had to do it every night. But my folks had to stay. We let on it's fine. Where you goin' this summer, Jerry?' I told him if I had to chase off an' spend all I got just to prove I didn't dare stay at home, I'm glad I can't. Every married man I know has got this vacation bug. Most of 'em ain't afraid of nothin', but they all fall for this summer misery. Some day, when their neighbors go 'way for the summer, they'll be tickled to death an' live cooler, have more fun an' sleep sounder than they do all winter.

"West Farms! All out! Last stop!

"Look where you're goin'!

"Watch your step!"

DON'T BLOW 'BOUT WHAT YOU USED TO BE

"They ain't nothin' so dead as yesterday. Lots o' people don't know that. You hear 'em blowin' aroun' what happened to 'em eight years ago last Monday like it was goin' on to-day. When I hear a guy tellin' how he put it over somebody last year, says I to myself, 'That mut's a dead one an' don't know it.'

"Nobody cares who you was last week. They want to know who you are to-day noon. You might blow a little 'bout what you're gonna do to-morrow, but if you want a audience to listen to what you did last year, go talk out in th' cemetery. Them tombstones got plenty o' time to hear all about it an' you get more whistlin' an' cheerin' out o' them 'n you do from live ones. Take it from me, nobody cares three whoops who you was. You can

fool yourself by lookin' at your picture in th' album but th' other guys shut their eyes when you show it to them. If you did anythin' worth while an' got real stuff in you, you keep so busy gettin' ahead right now, you forget you had a album. They's only one thing people remember 'bout a man unless he's dead, an' that is, how hard can he punch right now. Nobody can remember th' horse Maud S. beat.

"Quit livin' last winter. Try this one. Did y' ever drink fizz water left out in a glass over night? Tastes like a rubber boot. That's th' kind of a taste you make in everybody's mouth when you tell 'em who you licked last year. If everybody bragged about what he used to be, they wouldn't be breath enough left to 'Hello' in a telephone.

"Hunderd'n Tenth! Next Ninety-six! Ninety-six, next!

"Don't stand in th' doorway!

"Move up, move up, plenty o' room up front!

"Watch your step!"

WATCH THE NEW "SOUSE" WAGONS

"If you want a good souse, without gettin' a dollar an' costs next mornin,' go to Jersey City. Th' Salvation Army got a big movin' wagon an' a telephone, so when a guy spills himself all over th' sidewalk, they call th' souse wagon, an' them Salvation soldiers puts him to bed. Mr. Souse wakes up in th' mornin' with a clean nightie on an' a Bible trac' in his hand. That'd sober most any fellow. That'll put th' damper on booze, all right. Half th' fun o' gettin' spiflicated comes from guessin' mebbe you land in th' calliboose. If they go to mollycoddlin' a drunk like he was plain sick, that settles it. No real sport'll ever touch another drop.

"How you gonna fix it with them booze

fighters that has 'hang-overs?' Don't you know what a 'hang-over' is? It's when you keep wantin' more hair of th' dog to cure th' bite with. Th' only sure cure for 'hang-overs' so far is to have 'em put their tin cup through th' bars th' next mornin' so's th' trusty pours hot chickory in it an' hands 'em a chunk o' sour dough tastin' like a mule's foot mat. If you don't want to eat it, set on your lower berth till supper time, an' th' jailer'll send it 'round agin. But say, if they gonna tuck them souses in a trundle bed an' make 'em say 'Now I lay me,' believe me, they better watch 'em. I bet milkmen see more bare legged souses with nighties on tryin' to bust into saloons by sun-up than they ever seen.

"I'm gonna watch that souse wagon stunt. If it works, they'll be some jailers quit jailin'.

"South Ferry Express! South Ferry!

"Hurry up! We're late now!

"Step lively, please, push on in ahead!

"Watch your step!"

WE WAS ALL BABIES ONCE

" I had a car full of people goin' down to business this mornin', an' them that wasn't chasin' through their newspapers was glarin' at th' rest like they wondered who opened th' door last an' let that in. Then a trim lookin' woman got on, carryin' a fat baby just old enough to sit up an' take notice. She had to set between a old grouch you'd swore had eat a live baby for breakfast an' another fellow studyin' th' market reports so busy he didn't even move over. That baby was right at home, an' tickled to death when it spotted old man ' Grouch ' in reachin' distance. Mamma was lookin' through her hand bag for somethin' an' baby started in to get th' old codger's goat. It squealed an' goo-ed at th' old barnacle till every guy on th' car got wise, an' you never see such a lot o' rubber necks in your life. You'd

thought all of 'em owned th' baby. A big duffer 'cross th' aisle that had glowered at everybody all th' way downtown was grinnin' like a Chessycat. That little snoozicks had 'em all goin'. Old Grouchy tried not to notice it, but th' baby leaned way out an' punched its finger in his eye, yippin' an' yellin' at him till th' old chromo begin to laugh. I never see a car full o' dill pickles liven up th' way that one did. It seemed to make 'em all human bein's agin. I got to thinkin' it was lucky we wasn't all born standin' up ready to count money an' do a day's work. Every time we think th' days ain't long enough to grab all th' coin we want, better look a little mut of a baby right in th' eyes. That's where you come from, an' it makes you think where you're goin' to. You know they hain't no more use for coin where you're goin' than where you come from.

"Grand Central! Next stop, Fourteenth Street!

"Don't block up th' doorway! Let 'em on!

"Move up in th' car! Let 'em on!

"Watch your step!"

TIGHT WADS GET "THEIRS"

"Most people quit bein' a good fellow soon's they get money. I tell you gettin' money's like bein' struck blind. Th' sun don't shine. It jus' gets hot. An' th' fellow that's got plenty o' money ain't afraid o' bein' called a tight wad. It's th' mut that hain't got it that's keepin' them taxicabs chasin' all over town. An' when a guy's been poor an' been provin' he ain't a tight wad by spendin' all his coin faster'n he gets it, when that kind of a guy gets real money he quits spendin' it an' gets tighter'n any of 'em. Danny Lynch's got a brother-in-law that saves every dollar he lays his hands on. That fellow never buys a paper, he never gets a shine, he don't drink, smoke nor even chew gum. He wears a sweater all winter to keep from wearin' shirts. He makes big money, too. If you'd pry a dollar away

from him, bet th' raw flesh'd come with it. I don't see how he fooled Danny's sister into marryin' him. Why, when he was runnin' after her, he borrowed another fellow's horse an' buggy, an' took her out ridin'. They was passin' a candy store an' she sniffed an' says to him, 'My, but that smells good.' An' he says to her, 'Does it? Well, I'll drive closer, so's you can smell it better.' It makes me laugh when I think what happens to a tight wad's money after he's gone. Th' stingiest old fellow I know left so much money to his boy he commenced blowin' it before th' old man was planted in Greenwood. Th' old codger didn't even draw a tombstone. They was pepper grass growin' all over his grave Decoration Day. That's th' flower all right for tight wads.

"Brooklyn Bridge! Brooklyn Bridge!

"Don't keep standin' in th' doorway!

"Nobody can get in with you blockin' th' way!

"All aboard, step lively, please!

"Watch your step!"

WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE?

"If you call a fellow 'Mister,' it don't mean nothin' in this country. If you call him Judge, or Doctor or Colonel, he'll jump thro' a hoop for you. Most people freeze up when you call 'em 'Mister.' I bet if some guy poke his head in my car an' holler 'good mornin', Colonel' he'd think he was in th' War Department. I got a friend that couldn't cock a toy cannon an' they call him General. He was clerk in th' Deficiency General's office in Oklahoma, an' by jing, you couldn't prove he wasn't in th' war. Since these colleges been throwin' boquets at every man that's figured out how to beat th' game, you're pretty safe in calling any fellow 'Doctor' if he looks like a winner. There's Doctor Carnegie, an' Doctor Cook. One of 'em got it for givin' people money an' the other one for takin' it away from 'em. But 'perfessor' is a handle that

gets me mixed up. I don't know if he's a book sharp or runs a barber shop, or comes down in a parachute at Palisade Park on Sundays. It ain't so easy to get called 'Captain.' You have to be a head waiter or been to a real war to get that.

"Women don't get a fair show on this title business. It don't help your mother any to call her a lady, when they's scrub ladies an' wash ladies an' perfect ladies an' colored ladies. Lizzie's sister wouldn't answer a 'ad' in th' paper for 'sales ladies' 'cause she didn't have no automobile an' a Jap ki-yoodle, but Lizzie told her to go 'long, that was just a bait to catch 'em with. I see old Judge Dyckman on my car an' I says, 'Judge, do you care what people calls you,' an' he says, 'I'm worryin' more 'bout their re-callin' me.'

"Here's your street, Major! Fulton! Fulton Street!

"Step lively, there!

"Look out, Governor, for that lady that wants to get on!

"Watch your step!"

HENPECKED MEN DON'T NEVER GIVE UP THEIR SEATS

"Every man stands up for some woman once in a while, even on a street car. This givin' your seat to a woman is all owin' to how you was brought up. Of course, every man that ain't a dog gives up his seat to a old lady or a woman with a baby. I'm talkin' about common, every day women. If your sisters is old hens an' your wife fights her neighbors all th' time, you keep your seat. All th' women standin' up look like th' kind you have to eat with. A man 'at's henpecked at home never gives his seat to a woman. That's th' only way he gets even. Takes it out on all th' other women. If th' women you know th' best is good pals, you'll be decent to any woman. Lizzie is th' only woman I know. An' every time I see a petticoat I think of

Lizzie, an' it can have my seat. To-day all but one of th' seats in my car was full of Wall Street men goin' to work. When we stopped at Fourteenth Street a man came in my door an' a woman stepped in th' side door. He beat her to th' empty seat. All th' other guys looked at him like he was a chicken thief. None of 'em give up their seat, but they sure did kill that fellow with looks. I kinda felt sorry for him. It seemed to me she had as much right to their seats 's she did to his. But they didn't think so. I suppose it's a game where th' last one to get a seat ought to be th' goat an' give it up. Lizzie's uncle Henry says, 'You never lose what you don't have,' an' th' other fellows knew they'd be losin' a real seat. Th' new chap hadn't warmed his up enough to own it yet.

"Wall Street, Wall Street! Bowling Green, next!

"Be careful gettin' out!

"Watch your step!"

IT'S DULL KNIVES MAKES MEAT COST HIGH

" You know why th' price o' beefsteak's gone up, don't you? No, it ain't th' trust nor it ain't politics. It's all on account o' silver plated knives poor people buys an' cuts their meat with. When I was a kid we had knives that could cut. Nowadays, th' knives an' forks look pretty, but you can't cut butter with 'em 'less it's hot. When my old dad fetched home a chuck steak, us kids tackled it with them bone handled steel knives that had razor edges on 'em. You could cut sheet iron with 'em. They cut steak so easy we never thought it was tough. In them days you never heard a word about tenderloins an' porterhouses. It was all steak. Th' butcher got about as good a price for rump steak as he did for sirloin. An' then they got out

these silver plated knives an' everybody had to look swell. So they all bought these bum knives. Then when dad come home with th' same rump steak, a big holler went up. Nobody could cut it. The kids couldn't, maw couldn't an' when th' old man tackled it, he couldn't. We never thought o' layin' it on to th' knives. Dad went back an' kicked at th' butcher. He didn't know dad had silver plated knives, an' he did know dad had got th' best flank steak he had, so he tried loin steak. Then when dad kicked again, he tried tenderloin an' up went th' cost o' livin'. Everybody had to have tenderloin 'cause their silver plated swords wouldn't cut rump steak. If you trade off them silver plated knives for th' old kind that's got a hair edge on 'em, th' price of beefsteak'll go down. Nobody's gonna eat steak he can't cut.

"Express to Brooklyn! Brooklyn Express!

"Move up in front, please!

"Let' em on, don't stand in th' doorway!

"Watch your step!"

IS ALL TH' ANGELS FAT?

"They say 'Nobody loves a fat man' but I made up my mind to get fat. If I was married an' had a boy to raise, I'd make him fat if I had to sit on his chest and feed him noodles. It beats education all hollow. The fatter you get him th' richer he'll get. It's better'n life insurance. Gimme a fat boy every time. You see people like to be jollied. A fat fellow does it. They don't want to hear any hard luck story. Th' fat man ain't got any to tell. Most people want to get close to a fat man. They like to hear him laugh. If a fat man ever gets broke, he can raise more dough than two boney fellows. An' you know, you can't drown a fat man. If he falls in, he bobs aroun' like a cork. All he does is make th' water splash over th' banks. An' a fellow tol' me somethin' yesterday that sure

did surprise me. He said no fat man ever went to Sing Sing! If you want to beat th' game, get fat. Th' lawyers live off th' skinny ones. Worry makes you lean. If you worry, you ain't right in th' head. Th' other fellow's money looks like your'n. So does his wife an' his house an' lot. An' while you're oodled, you get mixed on your dates, an' you wake up in a lawyer's office. When th' judge says: 'Where were you last Friday night, answer yes or no?' you choke almost to death. But you see, if you're fat, they never suspect you. You get two seats, an' nobody passes you. When they call you down, you just chuckle, an' if they get mad at you, you laugh out loud. No, sir, they's no fat convicts. If all th' Sunday Schools was used to grow fat people in, you could rent Blackwell's Island for picnics.

"Borough Hall! Borough Hall! Hoyt Street next!

"Step one side, please, and let that man off.

"Watch your step!"

REAL MOURNIN' DON'T MAKE A BLACK NOISE

" If me an' Lizzie gets married, an' I take sick an' die, she needn't go wearin' black mournin', an' go 'round lookin' like a two legged hearse all th' time. I ain't lookin' for Lizzie to get gay next week after I'm planted. She's got to go to Woodlawn three or four Sunday afternoons to see th' grass growin' right, an' 'en she ought to put on th' purtiest white dress she's got, an' sail right out among 'em. By golly, that tickles me to think about. What's th' good o' keepin' th' funeral goin' after you paid th' undertaker? They tell me heaven's th' finest place ever, an' people livin' good an' proper is laughin' all th' time up there, an' tellin' each other ' trade lasts ' on how purty their wings is, but every time one o' them angel husbands goes an' looks down at little

old earth spinnin' along like one o' Christy Matthewson's curve balls, he can't see his widow for th' black on her. All th' other muts she ain't cryin' for takes a peep an' says they, 'She's a humdinger, ain't she?' An' 'en they foller her like sheep runnin' after salt. It don't help him sleep well nights up there to know his old girl is advertisin' for Number Two. This mournin' stunt is half fake, an' th' other half crazy. You don't see husbands doin' it. Some o' them get a black band sewed on a pink overcoat. They hold on to th' car strap with that arm.

"When Lizzie's aunt Sally was buried, her brother came to th' Motorman's Ball that same night. But he was purty decent about it. Soon's he got in, he said he'd only dance th' plain waltzes, on account o' aunt Sally's funeral that day. They couldn't get him to turkey trot or bunny hug.

"Atlantic Avenue! Atlantic Avenue!

"Last stop, all change.

"Be very careful gettin' off.

"Watch your step!"

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